

Good Morning 427

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

FRANK S.
STUART
recalls the
days when the
air was young

Stage, Screen, Studio

By Dick Gordon

HE was the man reputed to have "discovered" more stars than any other producer in the business. And at the studio where he made pictures his word on potential star material was law.

She was just a kid from Utah. She had a sprinkling of freckles across her nose, a gangling figure, and a burning determination to be a star. Somehow she secured a screen test at the great man's studio, and the great man himself saw the test. When it was over he shook his head. "She hasn't got a thing," he announced with finality. And it was on his recommendation that the studio decided not to sign her up.

But the kid from Utah was a heretic. She refused to take the great man's word on what she had or had not. So, quietly, she went back to her dramatic lessons, signed with an agent, and waited for the "breaks." Her gangling figure blossomed out; her face became quite pretty.

Finally, another studio decided to take a chance on her. She was given small parts in a few pictures, then better parts in bigger pictures. And then, all at once, the kid from Utah found herself well on the road to stardom. But by this time she was using another name. Not long ago the great man himself tried to borrow her for his new picture. Her price was high—very high.

So the great man's studio paid the price, and got her. After all, the great man had spoken, and he ought to know. The great man is Cecil B. De Mille.

The picture is "The Story of Dr. Wassell." And co-starring in it with Gary Cooper is the kid from Utah. She was born La Raine Johnson. But she's being billed as Laraine Day.

WAY back before the last war there was a young schoolboy in London who saved his pocket money every week in readiness for the day when he could achieve his big ambition—to learn to play the piano.

But young Tony Bernard joined the Army on August 14, 1914.

At Cambrai, in 1917, Tony was badly wounded. When he gained consciousness in a field hospital he found that his right arm had been amputated. But he refused to give up his ambition.

Back in Civvy Street he took a job as a porter at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, London.

He had no piano of his own, so he began to spend his evenings practising with his one hand on public-house pianos.

Time after time he was asked to leave—for his progress was slow.

But gradually fewer people objected and more and more listened. Yet ten years went by before he had saved up enough to buy a piano of his own.

Then at last he could spend every spare moment practising classics. It was a long



fight to achieve the standard he had set for himself.

That fight lasted another sixteen years—until recently.

Then Tony Bernard, with 150 other amateurs, entered a Gaumont - British competition at a Camden Town cinema. He gave a one-hand piano programme, playing "Rhapsody in Blue," "When day is done," and "Somebody stole my girl."

Tony was voted first, and he rushed off to the Shepherd's Bush Hotel, where he plays every evening.

"THE Beautiful Cheat" is a Columbia film that went down well in London and is now touring the provinces. Why that title? Who gets cheated? Why—Cupid, of course—that is, right up to the last clinch.

"Roz" Russell, maker of stars, embarks on a merry man-hunt on a strictly business basis—to find a hero to play the star part in the Hollywood version of a best-seller.

She finds Willard Parker—the whole six feet four of him—and transforms him from retiring professor to dynamic personality, with boomerang results.

The professor gets Great Lover ideas as far as she personally is concerned, inspired by her efforts to encourage him to emote in the interests of motion pictures.

An amused newspaper reporter, pipe in mouth and hat on head, drooly watches the antics of the couple, as he takes his time in the preparation of a "profile" on the ten-per-cent. woman—but he takes his hat off to her in the end, and so will you.

And as he can hardly kiss her with the pipe in his mouth, he has, perforce, to remove that, too. . . . Slick, streamlined comedy, designed to give you the continuous chuckles.

THING most studios have in common this week is big news of things to come.

The latest of many editions of "Zeigfeld Follies" goes into production with a cast that includes all the big shots in the M.-G.-M. studios. It will be an all-out revue in technicolor, and the musical arrangement will

be handled by an orchestra of 100.

Judy Garland, who has been associated with romantic comedies, will be given a more difficult task in her new assignment. She will play opposite Robert Walker in "The Clock." It will be her first dramatic try-out. The story concerns a soldier's brief leave in New York before shipping overseas.

Peter Lorre, who has good performances to his credit, will have plenty to do when he co-stars with Humphrey Bogart in "Passage to Marseilles." In this dramatic film, by the authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty," the star material lined up seems set for big things.

Thrills by Lon Chaney and Boris Karloff will figure in "Devil's Brood," when it goes into production. J. Carroll Naish will be on call for an eerie mission.

STANLEY WILLIAMSON, who is busy with "Boys of the Old Brigade," has just been shooting an interior shot of a public-house—the Phoenix, in Smith Street, Chelsea.

Two things struck me particularly—the expert way in which the landlord drew a beautiful pint of beer in a close-up, and the zest with which Pensioner Ward (Royal Hospital, Chelsea) drank it. Customers and friends of Landlord Kemp were all in the picture.

An appropriate musical number played at the tavern has the title "There is a Tavern in the Town." Nearly 200 Pensioners will have an opportunity of seeing themselves in the film production.

Tall, blonde, and Viennese, Tala Birell, who is better known for her Nazi roles, is joining the British peerage with her new assignment in "Mrs. Parkington." She will portray Lady Norah Ebbsworth, a rival of Greer Garson, for the affections of Major Parkington.

Miss Birell, recently screened as the Nazi reporter in "The Purple Heart," and the prince's governess in "The Song of Bernadette."

A Broadway songster, Bill Johnson, makes his debut in "Airship Squadron No. 4." Wallace Beery is the star. He was spotted by talent scouts while singing in "Something for the Boys."

ONE MILLION M.P.H.? HERE ARE THE MEN WHO CRAWLED

SOMETIMES, in these crowded days of Tempest fighters and Super - Fortress bombers, with the 100-tonner airliners just appearing round the corner, it is a relief to turn back the pages of history and glance at the things that happened when the air was young.

It is surprising, now, to recall that a successful parachute jump was made on December 12th, 1891, by Lieut. Mansfield, from 11,000 feet, outside Bombay, and Lt.-Col. Frank McClean flew a seaplane under Tower Bridge long before the 1914 war began.

Air Marshal Barratt went for his first war flight in the autumn of 1914, carrying a rifle as his sole armament.

The first air post was flown in September, 1911. Gustav Hamel, one of the most handsome men who ever climbed into a cockpit, carried 1,500 postcards and other mail from Hendon to Windsor and delivered them to the Duke of Argyll.

Hamel was one of the first men to loop the loop, demonstrated the feat before the Royal Family, and is said to have aroused Edward VIII's keen interest in flying.

This same half-German Hamel set out for France one morning in 1914, ostensibly to get a machine for a forthcoming air race—and was never heard of again! A story went round that he had gone to Germany for forthcoming war service, but it did not seem to have much foundation.

Actresses were actresses even in flying's early days. In June, 1906, the "Sketch" published a full-page picture of a very famous one, leaning over the basket of a balloon, apparently high above the housetops, and smiling delightfully. It stated that the lady was taking the new "air cure" for her nerves.

But, alas! authentic records show that this picture was really made on the ground, and faked; the lady had at that

time never made an ascent. George Bernard Shaw, however, has really been "upstairs."

In 1916 he went up as a passenger from Grahame-White's flying school at Hendon. His pilot, a youth of 22, climbed a few thousand feet and did some hair-raising stunts, at which the sage did not turn a hair.

"The world is like that, young man," he said obscurely as he climbed out. He then fished out a half-sovereign and presented it to the pilot, saying severely, "I hope you will use it properly!"

It was spent in a large round of drinks. The pilot was H. C. Biard, who later won the Schneider Trophy for England, later again crashed a Schneider racer flying flat-out at world's record speed, but lived to tell the tale, and is now, no whit abashed, serving in the R.A.F.

Biard was for many years Chief Test Pilot to Supermarines, and nursed the earliest Spitfire - type aircraft through their teething troubles. He was also the first pilot to run a regular cross-Channel passenger service in 1919.

When he went as a would-be pupil to a flying school in 1910, he saw a machine "warming up" on the grass, climbed into the saddle, and nonchalantly told the mechanics to stand clear. He switched on the simple motor of those days, the propeller began to whirr, and the machine bumped forward.

Biard had never had a lesson or sat in an aeroplane before, but instinct told him to pull back the stick, and he found himself shaving the top of a big shed. He was flying! He flew two miles in a straight line, then pushed forward the stick and came down with a bump, fortunately in an open field.

You could do things like that with the 40 m.p.h. aeroplanes of those days. And if you wanted to take up a passenger, he had to sit astride the petrol tank and cling on with arms and

legs to wires and struts!

In May, 1909, the famous Wright Brothers, the first men to make a successful flight in a powered aircraft, came to London, where they were much lionised. Wilbur Wright dropped a brick during a visit to the War Office by saying that Britain would one day have to fight for her life with a great air force.

Generals frowned and coughed and pulled their mutton-chop whiskers despairingly at such heresy. Yet the Germans were that same month carrying out big-scale secret army manoeuvres with Zeppelins and armoured cars.

Field Marshal Lord Roberts and others were already interesting themselves in military flying, and the Short Brothers, whose firm now builds the huge Sunderlands, had already established a British aircraft factory turning out excellent machines.

At about the same time, Buffalo Bill Cody came over from America and entered a machine in various air races, without much success.

Buffalo Bill was given an official post at Farnborough by the War Office, who have always been able to see foreign virtues in the air more clearly than home-grown varieties.

In April, 1910, Louis Paulhan, a Frenchman, won an air race from London to Manchester and picked up £10,000 prize-money. He covered the 183 miles in 3 hours 56 minutes, about 50 minutes slower than the time taken by train.

In this race a swarm of bees settled on the wing of one competitor's machine while it was standing at Hendon, and much delay was caused before it occurred to the exasperated pilot to start up his motor and blow them away.

Grahame-White, who flew in the race, risked the first night take-off ever made, getting into the air an hour before dawn so as to try to overtake Paulhan.

After the race, Grahame-White attended divine service at a church in Lichfield, and the vicar made a special addition to the Litany for the first time in history asking preservation for all those who travel by air.

Mr. Winston Churchill was flying long before 1914, and has always been something of an air enthusiast. It is not generally known that he has survived at least two crashes. After one of them he proceeded straight to the House of Commons and made a magnificent speech. No one there knew that he had come straight from a dangerous accident in which his pilot had been injured and taken to hospital.

More than 12 years ago a British pilot flew an aircraft that would carry 150 passengers.

When the great flying liners of post-war come gracefully to their moorings, and you step in on a Friday evening for a ten-hour run to New York for the week-end, remember some of these tales of the pioneers of flying's early days.

Most of the men who featured in them are still alive, and many of them are still actively flying.



Margaret is a Good Cook now O.S. Ben Wayling

WHEN we called at 31 Hardy Street, West Gorton, Manchester, Ordinary Seaman Ben Wayling, your sister, Margaret, who is a W.A.A.F., greeted us.

Your mother was home, too. She particularly wants you to know that her back is now better, and is looking forward to returning to work.

She said your father is doing well, still driving the old bull-dozer.

with you, but said, "We'll make up for it when Ben comes home. Tell him I'm a good cook now; my buns are delicious, and no 'cracks'!"

Paddy, the dog, was bringing stones into the house and leaving them under the table. We've taken his photograph better, with your mother and Margaret. You'd never dream he was eleven years old to look at him.

All at home send you lots of love and kisses.

Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

QUIZ for today

1. A pediment is a sweetmeat, support, hindrance, part of a building, treadle machine?
2. What two Signs of the Zodiac begin with the letter L?
3. What is the bark of the Spanish oak called?
4. On what river are the Victoria Falls?
5. What colour is maroon?
6. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Redact, Redope, Redan, Redargue, Redif.

Answers to Quiz in No. 426

1. Heraldic colour (red).
2. Tom Brown's Schooldays.
3. Thine is obsolete; others are in current use.
4. Black.
5. Bogota.
6. Those which flower the second year after sowing.
7. Alright.
8. A fossil ammonite found at Whitby.
9. Mountain ash.
10. Powerful warrior.
11. 8.

USELESS EUSTACE



"But the judge said he'd to be given the time of his life here!"

An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia.

Macaulay.

Speak of the moderns without contempt, and of the ancients without idolatry.

Lord Chesterfield.

The strangest whim has seized me... After all, I think I will not hang myself to-day.

G. K. Chesterton.

JANE



The Grandee's Daughter

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

By R. H. Dana

PART 16

OUR place of destination had been Monterey; but as we were to the northward of it when the wind hauled ahead, we made a fair wind for San Francisco.

About thirty miles from the mouth of the bay, and on the south-east side, is a high point upon which the Presidio is built. Behind this is the harbour in which trading vessels anchor, and near it the Mission of San Francisco, and a newly-begun settlement, mostly of Yankee Californians, called Yerba Buena.

Here, at anchor, and the only vessel, was a brig under Russian colours, from Asitka, in Russian America, which had come down to winter, and to take in a supply of tallow and grain.

We went aboard the brig as a matter of curiosity; and there was enough there to gratify it.

Though no larger than the "Pilgrim," she had five or six officers, and a crew of between twenty and thirty; and such a stupid and greasy-looking set I certainly never saw before.

Although it was quite comfortable weather, and we had nothing on but straw hats, shirts, and duck trousers, and were barefooted, they had, every man of them, double-soled boots, coming up to the knees, and well greased; thick woollen trousers, frocks, waistcoats, pea-jackets, woollen caps, and everything in true Nova Zembla rig.

In the warmest days they made no change. The clothing of one of these men would weigh nearly as much as that of half our crew.

They had brutish faces, looked like the antipodes of sailors, and apparently dealt in nothing but grease.

They lived upon grease—ate it, drank it, slept in the midst of it, and their clothes were covered with it. To a Russian, grease is the greatest luxury. They looked with greedy eyes upon the tallow-bags as they were taken into the vessel, and no doubt would have eaten one up whole had not the officer kept watch over it. The grease seemed actually coming through their pores, and out in their hair, and on their faces.

It seems as if it were this saturation which makes them stand cold and rain so well. If they were to go into a warm climate they would all die of the scurvy.

The vessel was no better than the crew. The top-masts, top-gallant masts, and studding-sail booms were nearly black for want of scraping, and the decks would have turned the stomach of a man-of-war's-man.

The galley was down in the fore-castle; and there the crew lived, in the midst of the steam and grease of the cooking, in a place as hot as an oven and as dirty as a pig-stye. Five minutes in the fore-castle was enough for us, and we were glad to get into the open air.

ON Sunday, January 10th, we arrived at Santa Barbara. We were the only vessel in the port.

Great preparations were making on shore for the marriage of our

agent, who was to marry Donna Anneta De G— De N—y C— youngest daughter of Don Antonio, N—, the grandee of the place, and the head of the first family in California.

On the day appointed for the wedding we took the captain ashore in the gig, and had orders to come for him at night, with leave to go up to the house and see the fandango.

At ten o'clock the bride went up with her sister to the confessional, dressed in deep black.

Nearly an hour intervened, when the great doors of the mission-church opened, the bells rang out a loud, discordant peal, a private signal for us was run up by the captain ashore, the bride, dressed in complete white, came out of the church with the bridegroom, followed by a long procession.

Just as she stepped from the church-door, a small white cloud issued from the bows of our ship, which was full in sight, a loud report echoed among the surrounding hills and over the bay, and instantly the ship was dressed in flags and pennants from stem to stern.

Twenty-three guns followed in regular succession, with an interval of fifteen seconds between each, when the cloud cleared away, and the ship lay dressed in her colours all day.

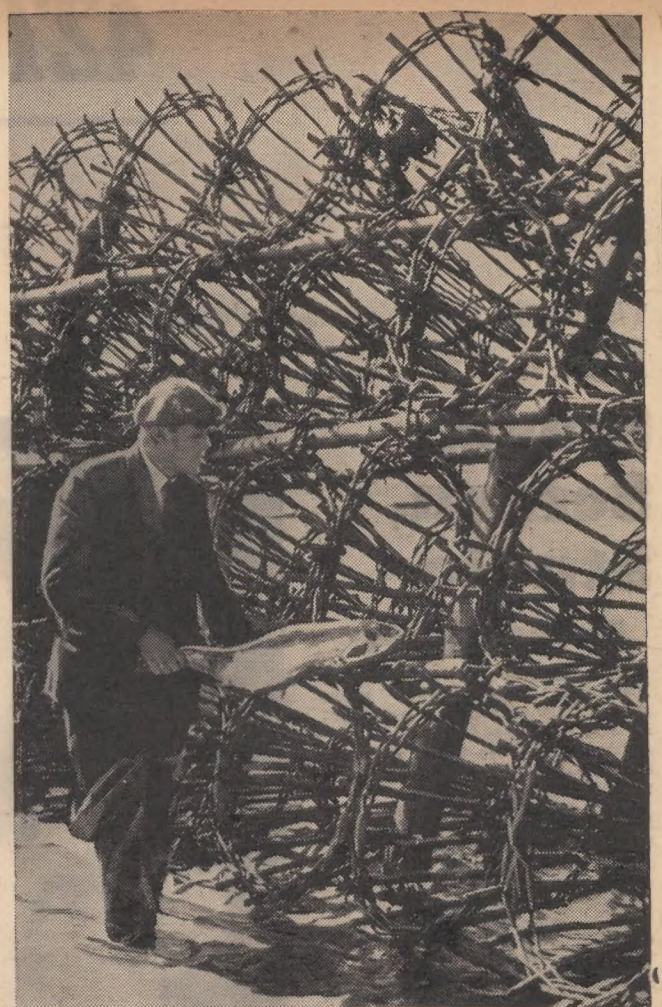
After supper we rowed ashore, dressed in our uniform, beached the boat, and went up to the fandango.

As we drew near we heard the accustomed sound of violins and guitars, and saw a great motion of the people within.

Going in, we found nearly all the people of the town—men, women, and children—collected and crowded together, leaving barely room for the dancers; for on these occasions no invitations are given, but every one is expected to come. The old women sat down in rows, clapping their hands to the music, and applauding the young ones.

The women stood upright, with their hands down by their sides, their eyes fixed upon the ground before them, and slid about without any perceptible means of motion; for their feet were invisible, the hem of their dresses forming a perfect circle about them, reaching to the ground. They looked as grave as though they were going through some religious ceremony.

The men danced with grace and



Salmon fishing on the River Severn is carried on by the same method as has been in existence for hundreds of years. Putchers, which look like trumpets made of wicker, are placed in the river by hundreds, and when the salmon come up the river to spawn they enter one end of the putcher, and, because they will not go backwards, they struggle to get out of the small hole the other end, and eventually drown themselves. When the tide in the river flows out, the salmon catchers collect the salmon lying in the putchers.

spirit, moving in circles round their nearly stationary partners, and showing their figures to great advantage.

A great deal was said about our friend Don Juan Bandini; and when he did appear, which was toward the close of the evening, he certainly gave us the most graceful dancing that I had ever seen.

He was dressed in white pantaloons, neatly made, a short jacket of dark silk gaily figured, white stockings and thin morocco slippers upon his very small feet.

The great amusement of the evening—which I suppose was owing to its being carnival—was the breaking of eggs filled with cologne, or other essences, upon the heads of the company.

One end of the egg is broken and the inside taken out, then it is partly filled with cologne, and the hole sealed up.

A tall, stately don, with immense grey whiskers and a look of great importance, was standing before me, when I felt a light hand on my shoulder, and turning round saw Donna Angustia (whom we all knew, as she had been up to Monterey and down again in the Alert), with her finger upon her lip, motioning me gently aside.

I stepped back a little, when she went up behind the don, and with one hand knocked off his huge sombrero, and at the same instant, with the other, broke the egg upon his head, and springing behind me was out of sight in a moment.

The don turned slowly round, the cologne running down his face and over his clothes, and a loud laugh breaking out from every quarter.

The captain sent for us about ten o'clock, and we went aboard in high spirits, having enjoyed the new scene much, and were of great importance among the crew from having so much to tell, and from the prospect of going every night until it was over; for these fandangos generally last three days.

The next day two of us were sent up to the town, and took

care to come back by way of Captain Noriego's. The musicians were still there, upon their platform, scraping and twanging away, and a few people, apparently of the lower classes, were dancing.

The next night, which was the last, we went ashore in the same manner, until we got almost tired of the monotonous twang of the instruments, and the drawling sounds which the women kept up as an accompaniment.

This last night they kept it up in great style, and were getting into a high-go, when the captain called us off to go aboard, for, it being south-easter season, he was afraid to remain on shore long.

It was well he did not, for that very night we slipped our cables, as a crowner to our fun ashore, and stood off before a south-easter, which lasted twelve hours.

(To be continued)

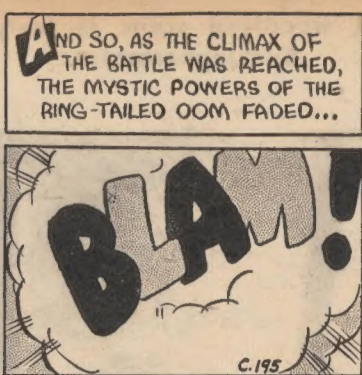
WANGLING WORDS—366

1. Put thin in CSE and purify it.
2. In the following popular song title both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Het og inem ni otnd adydd wond.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: ROPE into COIL and then back again into ROPE, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the two hidden fruits in: Don't plant a sweet pea; change it, or anger the gardener.

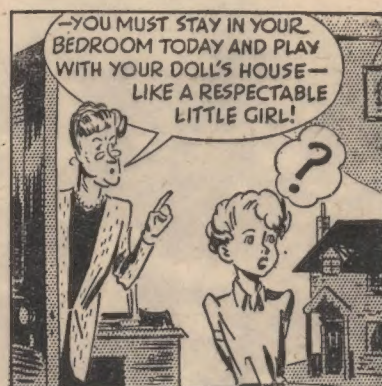
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 365

1. SeverE.
2. I can't give you anything but love.
3. SHUT, slut, glut, gout, pout, pour, poor, DOOR, dour, sour, spur, spun, shun, SHUT.
4. G-rap-e, Ap-ple.

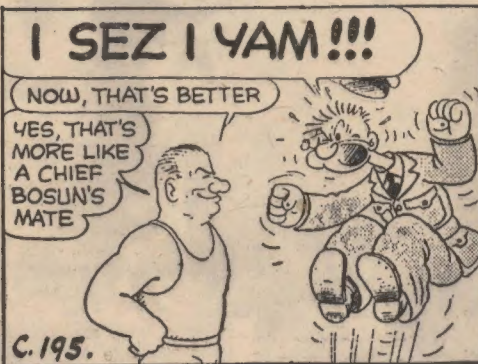
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



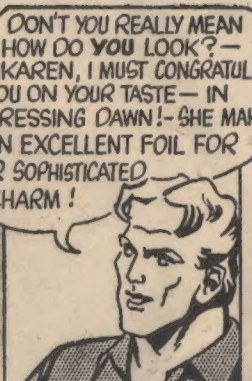
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Divorced for a Snore

By PETER DAVIS

A RECORD list of 3,399 unhappy couples passed through the Divorce Court in the last Hilary Term. The news isn't as bad as it sounds. The war has practically halved divorces until now.

Yet Britain's divorce barristers are not half as harassed as their U.S. confreres. In Los Angeles recently a wealthy eye specialist cited a ghost as co-respondent.

His wife had cooled towards him, he alleged, because of the attentions of a spirit guide named Shosha. The lawyers had a difficult time serving the spook with a subpoena.

That's nothing. In Ohio the other day a man filed suit for divorce because of his discovery, after the marriage ceremony, that his wife had a glass eye. The court turned him down, holding that the legal doctrine of *caveat emptor* prevailed—let the buyer beware!

On the other hand, a New Jersey wife successfully divorced her hubby because he preferred sleeping in a platform built in a tree.

Another wife was granted a decree because her husband, a professional soup taster for a canning firm, came home and shouted, "What! More soup?"

A cheese taster, contrariwise, was successful because—but perhaps you've already guessed that his wife tried to serve up tasty cheese dishes for supper!

In New York a man lost the suit he filed because of his wife's coffee. The court told him that he didn't have sufficient grounds!

"Mental cruelty" is, of course, the wide legal loophole that goes down broad and handsome before the divorce judges of America. It was mental cruelty to Mrs. Stella Peters, of New York, when her hubby habitually imitated Hitler.

Mental cruelty likewise to a St. Louis lady whose life was made burdensome by her husband's snore. Witnesses gave evidence that they could hear it several blocks away.

For one married couple, trouble began when the husband grabbed all the bedclothes. For another, Cupid went west because the wife, who enjoyed her opera, sang all the night long.

For the third couple, trouble accumulated when the husband, a knot expert, began to practise on the missus.

She didn't mind being tied up in knots and then released, but one night he trussed her up so well that he had to call in the help of a neighbour.



I think you'll have a laugh, too, at a Chicago romance that went west owing to a Peke named Gussy, who used to walk about the table and help himself to Hubby's meals.

The husband failed to get his decree because the wife successfully pleaded that she had named the pet after her hubby as a mark of affection. But they've since separated!

So has the Indiana woman who vainly petitioned for divorce because her husband went to night-school instead of taking her to the movies.

Stranger still is the odd life of Mr. and Mrs. Val Kokoszka, who have lived together in the same house for eight years without speaking to one another.

Mrs. K., it appears, used to come downstairs to make coffee for her husband's breakfast, and would then retire to her own part of the house. They got divorced, but they continue to live in the same house. And Mrs. K. still makes the coffee for Mr. K.!

The world's record speed divorce is that of Jimmy Macdonald, young heir to an oil fortune, who can claim to have been spliced and unspliced twice in one day.

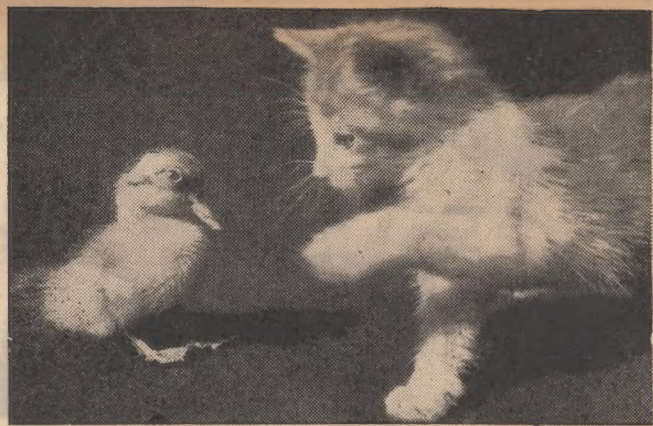
Early one June morning in 1939 he remarried an hour after the first Mrs. Mac had secured her Reno divorce on the grounds of desertion.

Scarcely was the ink dry on the marriage certificate when the second Mrs. Mac demanded her divorce on the grounds of cruelty. She got it, but Mr. Mac a few minutes later announced that he was marrying again!

**Good
Morning**

This England

A woodland scene in leafy
Buckinghamshire.



"This is my straight left, child, in case
you don't know."



"You don't seem the least bit scared.
I never knew such a cheeky young duckling,
you know."



★
Metro - Gold-
wyn - Mayer
starlet, Mary
Beth Hughes,
apparently
likes a free
hand in what-
ever she does.

★ OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"'Handy' sort of girl."



"This hair of mine is a real teaser. Did you ever
see such curls?"